

COLLEGE CHEER

“WE KNOCK TO BOOST.”

VOL. XI.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1919.

NO. 13.

ST. JOE HAS JINX ON HOME LOT.

The inevitable freak of fortune which is the servant of the black cat seems to hover about the S. J. nine of Collegeville. Off with a rush for a lead of one score the White and Black Sox seemed to settle down to a sweet repose of contentment for the following six innings, then arouse again to circle the bases for a score of two. Meantime the visitors from Kankakee were by no means idle. What the home team didn't get, the Gray and Black did, and in the shape of fourteen chalkers.

It was curious to note how the visiting pitcher could seemingly circle all four corners of home plate with apparently little effort. But in an unguarded moment, it was brought to light. The pitcher disclosed his “injured fingers” neatly wrapped with the stickum for twirling. Clever and also costly to the home team, for the first few innings were like bad dreams. However, the St. Viators nine could handle the stick and were not slow in demonstrating the fact, ergo 12 runs.

Fehrenbacher was not in usual trim and was noticeably unsteady, but at that the game may have been held down had his backing been solid. Harber stepped to the mound in the sixth and permitted one more score, but hung up five strikeouts in two innings.

The visitors played a snappy game and had life on the field during the entire game. Here is another negative feature on the part of the home team. Let us know you are on the field and by so doing you are encouraging your pitcher.

Totals of game:

TURNERS A SUCCESS.

Alumni Day, May 7th, was brought to a happy close by the program rendered in Alumni Hall by the Turner Aggregation. The exhibition was one which surely added appreciation to the Alma Mater on the part of the Alumni. The same program with a few added attractions was repeated on Sunday evening, May 11th.

We, who have witnessed former programs and thought we knew all about it, did not expect such a pleasing surprise. It was, with a few exceptions, presented by entirely new participants; but it was worked into an excellent presentation of skilled workmanship. The various stunts were designed after the main performances of former years; but the novelties introduced were enjoyed by all.

Considering the material which was in this year's performance we may call “The Turners of '19 “The Best yet.”

A few of the features deserve our admiration. Schon was by far the best and he was at his height in walking the wire. Regnier deserves praise for his three on one stunt which requires

much strength. Greenwell was in excellent form on the bar in the Giant Swing. Lawrence Westhoven and Carrol, Scheidler and Reed, two ringed stunts took well. It was evident, however, that Carrol and Westhoven were more firm and sure of their step. McCoy and his Tumblers and Divers are worthy of high praise for their excellent work.

The band is to be complimented on their numerous selections. It is certain that many monotonous lulls were made snappy by them.

The pranks of the clowns added spice to the performance.

The audience was the largest that the Turners have ever had and is surpassed only by the number at the K of C program in 1917 from being the largest our auditorium has ever held.

THE BAND.

The band, in every institution or civic center, seems to tower above all other musical aggregations in popularity. There is a certain charm, a very robust one, in a band that warms the heart of every man. It is exhilarating to hear the blare of the trumpet, the rattle of the drums, the clash of cymbals; these have a distinctively masculine appeal.

Above I have stated that a band usually is more popular than a company of any other kind of musicians. However, I would hardly dare say this in Collegeville, because it possesses both a band and an orchestra, each of extraordinary merit. So, to avoid internecine strife (for both Prof. Tonner and Father Ildephonse command a goodly company) let us place them on a par in popularity, with the orchestra the favorite in the winter months, the band in the summer.

In the average man's mind the orchestra is the embodiment of “highbrowism” of autocracy, the band the organ of the common people, of democracy. In a sense, this is true, but not wholly so. A band is never as perfect an instrument as an orchestra, because showmanship, ornamentation, volume, sometimes intrude too much upon the music. The orchestra is more refined in a way, is more perfectly adjusted, to secure the best results. The truth of the matter is, that the orchestra, being an indoor institution, and a high priced one, too, usually enjoys the popularity of only the higher classes, while the band, playing outdoors throughout the summer, and charging but a small entrance fee, wins the heart of everyone.

The great mission of our band, in our estimation, is to acquaint the student body with the modern trend of music. By modern trend of music I do not mean the latest in “ragtime”, but rather in so-called popular music, a great deal of which will inevitably appear under the banner of classicism. The band, although playing some of

the immortal compositions, nevertheless attempts to delight the boys with something new, something "snappy", characteristic of the age. In this alone it deserves the praise and gratitude of every student.

But to return to our band. The Band is an unqualified success, indeed, recognized as such by every student and, we dare say, by the surrounding district. We have heard them play often of late, and have enjoyed every concert. The band furnishes the spice of life on Sundays. After a long day, beneath the trees, in the fragrant night breeze, to breathe in with it the martial strains of the band, is perfect bliss.

In regard to the players of the band we must say the same as of the orchestra, there are very few shining lights, but all work together, in the true spirit of "e pluribus unum", a spirit which is always allied with success. Steady practice and tireless energy has brought this about; all due praise to the men. Yet to pass by the director, Father Ildephonse, without comment would be, without doubt, sinful negligence. Father Ildephonse has long been the guiding spirit of the band, always at hand in times of prosperity, and in times of stress omnipresent, and with tenfold energy. His is the office of selecting pieces and players, of whipping his men into shape. The success he has achieved is a monument to his industry and patience.

Such, in short, is our estimate of the college band, a band, it is true, which may have been excelled in the past, but which with its enviable record, may well become the standard of success to future generations in Collegeville.

THE OLD INFIRMARY.

The Infirmary is the place to stay
For boys, when it's a rainy day!
I'd good'eal ruther be in bed
Nor to be in class 'n use my head!
In school we have ter be jist so,
Er else the teacher 'll make us go
And study hard at half past three
When all the other kids are free.
Brother Victor's a good old man,
He sneaks us eats just when he can.
It seems as tho he soon forgets
'At we have turned some summersetts, —
But when he knows 'at we ain't sick
He pulls us thru it mighty quick.
He gives us pills 'at make us think,
Our stomach 's used fer a skatin' rink.
One day there was a great big nut
Who lied 'n stalled about his gut.
Brother used a mustard plaster,
I never seed disease cured faster.
Ef you ain't sick you'd better watch out
Fer he can tell when you fake, jist about.
'Cause he's got eyes in the back of his head,
And many bad boys don't get any bed.
But if you kin work it you have some fun
A watchin' the students to classes run.
Now tell me jist where wud you ruther be
In classes er taking it easy with me.

The Who's your poet.

ESSAYS OF ELIA.

Elia is one of those pseudonyms that bear shadowy and intangible meanings for the young aspirant to literature, as often as he meets them in his big brother's text-book, or among the forbidden fruit of the family library. Unlike Johnathon Oldstyle, or Diedrich Knickerbocker, who appeal to the young mind through their joint creation of the inimitable Rip, Elia has hardly one familiar association to identify him clearly in the boy's mind. Few of the younger generation have read any thing from the pen of Elia, the essayist; but how little does the average boy know of the pioneer days of Kentucky, or the Battle of the Pyramids, and yet who could dissuade him from his firm belief in the heroic magnitude of Daniel Boone and Napoleon. So Elia continues to claim a partial sway over the youthful imagination, until the fictitious name yields to the real man, in the boy's acquaintance with the essays of Charles Lamb.

Men of literary profession are often grouped into classes because of similar characteristics, but occasionally there is one who defies comparison. Lamb is not an egregious exception to this rule of classification. Steele, Addison, Hunt, Irving are all pleasant essayists, with here and there a quality suggestive of Lamb; and yet the endeavor to amuse, to instruct, and to inspire his fellow-creatures does not appear so certainly evident in the work of these men as in the "Essays of Elia." In truth, it is seldom the reader's privilege to enjoy as much genial philosophy as is so neatly packed in the quaint, but felicitous English of Lamb.

The very word, philosophy, according to its modern adaptation in student-circles, has the peculiar property of suggesting age-old tomes of wisdom, pondered and ruminated since the days of Socrates and his more illustrious disciples, and now so dry as to parch the very tongue of its exponent. But philosophy, through its gentle treatment at the hands of Lamb, can make the reluctant student an enthusiast, by virtue of its modest and unpretentious efforts. Lamb's philosophy does not attempt to fathom the soul of some dark and hidden arcana. It is content to touch the less sublime aspirations of man, and smile, always sympathetically, at his more common failings. Such philosophy is the wisdom of every day life, and Lamb well knew the secret of acquiring it. Solitude has its blessings for the man of literature, but to address himself directly to the heart of humanity, he must come down to Mother Earth, mingle with her motley children in the streets, and then, retire if he will, to put his genius to the task of reproducing the best of his observations. And this is no doubt the chief law in Lamb's literary code. At least it is observable in all his essays, and may be held to account for their human and delightful appeal.

Lamb's essay, "The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple" is reminiscent, and to a great degree autobiographical. It is hard to say whether such was the premeditated character of the essay, for Lamb is remarkable for his ability to talk about himself, without even a blush of self-consciousness, much less the impudent assertion of ego-

(Continued on page 4.)

COLLEGE CHEER.

Published Semi-Monthly by
COLLEGE CHEER PUBLISHING COMPANY.
10c. Per Copy; 90c. Per Year; \$1.00 By Mail.

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ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA.

Saturday, May 17, 1919.

EDITORIALS.**College Training.**

The question of college education is agitating the people of the world. The answer to the question: "What is it all worth?" is found in the phenomenal success of the men who have made good use of their time in their college career. All the cranes in the world will never be able to roll back the wheels of progress that have borne the world beyond the little brick school to the walls of the great colleges and universities. No better investment was ever made for a boy or by a boy, than is made by the one who invests the necessary years and money in a good university or college course. If a boy has not the ready means, let him work his way, as some of the best men the nation ever knew worked their way through college.

Even if college men did not draw better salaries than other men, they are better prepared to understand and to take advantage of opportunities. Business men and business houses of the highest standing favor the graduates of the great colleges of the country. The demand for trained men is so great that the big schools find it hard to supply a sufficient number of men to meet it.

That the big men are in favor of college education is proved by the vast sums set aside for it by the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Creightons, Morgans, and others. Some regretting the lack of it in their own lives determined that no opportunity will be wanting in the coming years to boys who themselves begin at the bottom.

Those boys who go to college, work hard, and are faithful, are winning their way in every avenue of life. They are bound to the first-class men, while the men who content themselves with a practical course will, phenomenally endowed by nature, be second and third class, left to plod on, doing the drudge's work, while the college bred, well-trained men will move on with celerity that is never attained even by the talented, so-called shop-trained genius.

BELLS.

There are bells and Bells. The former are the kind the poet was thinking of when he said that they clanged, and tinkled and tintinabulated. The latter are what we have in mind when we—well, we don't bother much about how they sound, —there are other things far more important about Bells.

The poetical kind is subjective in its effects. You just listen to that kind, maybe you think it's pretty and maybe you don't. Anyway you let it go at that, and no change in *natura rerum* occurs. Unless, of course, you happen to be a poet, then perhaps, you will put it all down on paper so that somebody else can hear the bells second-hand. Sometimes, of course, these bells toll the knell of parting day, sometimes they ring out messages, and here is one case on record where they summoned a man to Heaven, or to — the other place. But for the most part they live a happy, carefree existence, with no regular occupation whatever. What little work they do, whether it be merely in the way of tintinabulating, or striking the hour at midnight, appears to be merely accidental; in short they are productive of very agreeable emotions. And so we feel justified in saying their effect is subjective.

But there is the other kind of Bells. which is a little too objective. They seem to have no souls at all, or if they have, to give very little opportunity to their Ego for development. They are cold and matter of fact. They would, I verily believe, resent being made the subject of any poetical effusion. Anyhow, I have never yet heard of anyone attempting such flights. If anyone should, he would have to do so in "Free Verse", for he couldn't make one of these Bells tinkle, or clang or tintinabulate to save his life. They just ring. That's all there is to it. "Ku-uh-lang-ady-lang, ku-uh-lang-ady-lang," — over and over, with no inflection, no change of pitch, no harmony, no ameliorating qualities whatsoever. Whether they want to say "Get up", or "Go to bed", or "It's time to pray", — it makes no difference to these Bells. They have their job to attend to, — and they go through it in a mechanical, relentlessly practical, manner that admits of no fond reminiscences, no lingering sweetness or anything of that sort at all.

If there is one thing on earth that is detestable more than any other, it is an impersonal being, place or thing. Individuality is the spice of life. Local color, whether the term be referred to a man, a country, a book, a musical composition, or a bell, is absolutely essential to produce a likeable effect. — No man who can be taken as the ideal representative of a type is interesting, no matter how sterling perfect may be the type he stands for. No bell can be admired which arouses no distinctive emotion or feeling in the mind, heart or whatever else, of the hearer. And these practical bells have just this fault. Whether they speak in the jarring notes of an alarm clock, whether they express themselves in the l-l-l-ling of the electric bell, or moan forth their condemnation of humanity in the nerve racking manner of the familiar hand bell, there is always the same thought aroused in the poor mortal unfortunate

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enough to hear it: "There it goes again."

Another disagreeable feature of these Bells is that they never fit themselves into the landscape, (and by landscape, I mean mental as well as physical surroundings.) Just when you have turned over with the agreeable feeling that you have a "couple" hours more, with a demoniac shriek the brazen tongued fury impudently disputes you. And he invariably wins the argument. Just when you are in the midst of an interesting conversation on some super-terrestrial subject, lo, with a sardonic laugh the despot cries: "Here, it's time to stop", — and you stop. In short, in some form or another the relentless tongue of the Bell pursues each and every one of us like a Nemesis.

For my part, I prefer the French harp, but if you must give me a bell, give me the kind that drowsily lulls the distant fold, the kind that I can listen to or not, just as I like.

—Teedy.

Essays of Elia. (Cont. from p. 2.)

tism. But this essay has a charm dependent upon a distinctly literary virtue. That is its choice of the most humorously apt terms to present a vivid picture of the "Old Benchers." Certainly these "old familiar faces" must have looked down upon Lamb, and guided his pen as he wrote, else he could hardly have drawn such lifelike portraits of them. But, directly speaking, the secret of Lamb's vivid style may easily be found in the fact that, he does not merely delineate his worthy subject outwardly, but relates some humorous, invariably some equivocal episode in his judicial career, while the original and felicitous association of words casts a peculiar life and interest into the most trivial detail.

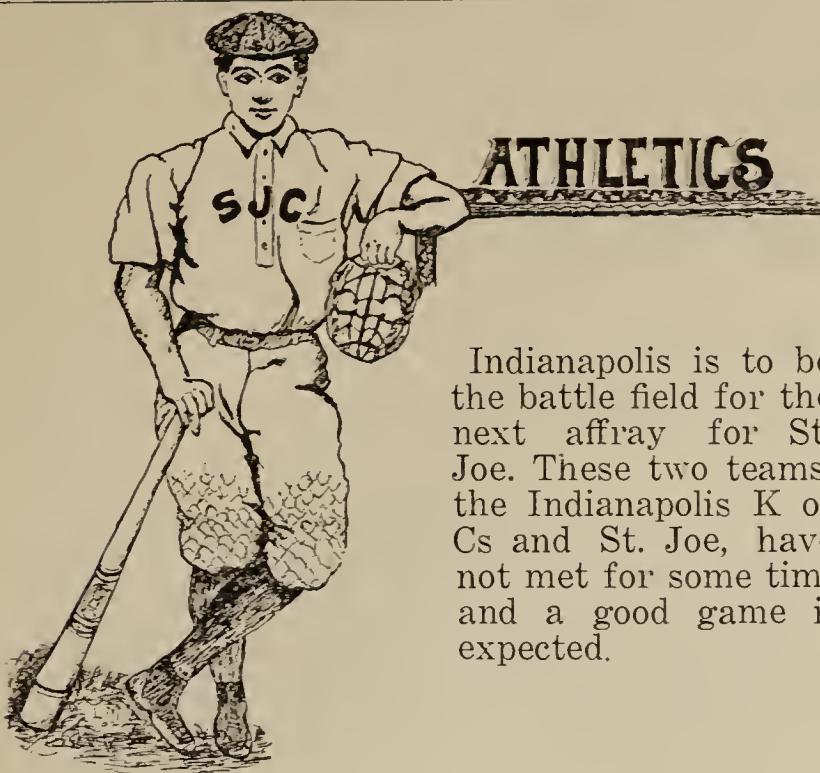
This essay grows a bit meditative and pathetic toward its close, as the author touches rather tenderly upon the evanescence of childhood happiness, and the power of childhood memories, a sentiment which should ever strike a kindred chord in the heart of every man. For, indeed, the surest evidence that life's turmoil has not soured the temperament, suppressed the better sensibilities, and checked the work of emotion and fancy, seems to lie in that regret, half joy and half sorrow, with which men recall the friends of their better days. Lamb's glorification of childhood in this essay proves that the sad experience in his own life had not left him oblivious to its happier hours, and at the same time, serves

as a gentle rebuke to those who culpably do not share his blessing.

Three other essays of the present collection are significant for their opposite characteristics. "Grace before Meat" is a kindly but poignant bit of criticism upon the inconsistent practice, as Lamb would prove it, of giving thanks before meals, the hour most of all when the prevailing keeness of appetite would rob much of the sincerity and devotion of the prayer. In this little essay, Lamb exposes his predilection for mythological heroes, as powerful thought communicators, and also his fondness for Milton's antediluvian epic. "Dream Children" is perhaps the most airy and fanciful of Lamb's essays. Much of it is mysterious matter unless considered as the musings of Lamb the poet, rather than Lamb the essayist, upon some of the personal interests of his life. There is a deeper train of thought running through his essay "New Year's Eve." Its tone is that of a soliloquy, counting and balancing all the many-sided elements in the nature of "the man Elia." The last paragraph of this essay contains more genuine optimism than is generally found in the prosaic, noisy criticisms of Lamb's contemporaries, Hazlitt, Landor, and Carlyle. After contemplating rather seriously the destiny of man, Elia breaks off with a fine sentence on the consolation which Mother Nature offers, to alleviate the burdens of mortality: "In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky,—such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and bourgeon."

And these words might well be applied to the effect that a sympathetic reading of Lamb's essays can produce. That reader is dull, indeed, who does not feel some stir and impulse within, prompting him to recognize and appreciate the worth of the little things about him. For the very first and last impression of Elia's essays is one of wonderment, how Lamb, with his cornucopia of "witty delicacy," can so nearly exhaust his mediocre, and commonplace themes without losing, but rather increasing, their natural color and significance. In truth, it is safe to place Lamb's permanent station in literature upon his simple and unassuming qualities. Let Dante bewilder us with his spirit-world, or Goethe entangle us in the meshes of his mystic, metaphysical creations; all minds are not constituted to behave well in the awful presence of a mighty thought, but there will always be some to relish, and enrich themselves upon the homely qualities of Elia.

—L. P.



Indianapolis is to be the battle field for the next affray for St. Joe. These two teams, the Indianapolis K of Cs and St. Joe, have not met for some time and a good game is expected.

Alumni 4, St. Joe Varsity 3.

Contrary to all expectations, and contrary to the usual run of events the Alumni, on June 6th, defeated the St. Joe Varsity by a score of 4 to 3. The Alumni had with them several men who in the past have been the bright lights on our diamond, and as a result the game was an interesting one from begining to end. Father Spornhauer proved himself to be an able pitcher. The Varsity fans excuse themselves under the alibi of having played a ten man team.

Rensselaer 8, St. Joe All Sars 0.

On Sunday, June 11th, the Rensselaer team defeated the St. Joe All Stars by a score of 8 to 0. Feldhaus, the Rensselaer southpaw, pitched a no hit game.

State Normal 4, St. Joe 2.

After a hard fight, the St. Joe Varsity finally acknowledged defeat to the State Normals by a score of 2 to 4. The game was exceptionally interesting, both teams putting up a steady fight. If the St. Joe men had shown more "pep" in the first two innings and had avoided two costly errors the score would undoubtedly have been reversed. The State Normals scored twice in the first inning and twice in the second. Kallal brought in a score for St. Joe in the sixth and Wellman crossed home in the seventh. Maloney, Kallal and Wellman did excellent work on the St. Joe infield. The strong wind which was sweeping over the country on the afternoon of the game made it very difficult for the outfielders to play, but the outfielders of both teams held their own. Jordan and Westhoven each made a spectacular catch. The pitching of Kur was the most prominent feature of the Teacher's team. We are all preparing to avenge this defeat May 31st.

Totals of game:

Hits: St. Joe 7; Normals 3.

Errors: St. Joe 2; Normals 1.

Struck out by Fehrenbacher 5; by Kur 12.

Valparaiso 2; St. Joe 1.

With weather conditions almost of the best, Valparaiso visited St. Joe for a clean up, after suffering defeat on their own grounds two weeks ago. Expectation was running high, not only at the beginning of the game, but kept all on edges throughout the contest. St. Joe was very weak at the bat, and when hits did come they were scattered.

Totals of game:

Hits: Valpo. 7; St. Joe 5.

Struck out by Fehrenbacher 7; by Porter 16.

Oh! Henry, Aint It The Truth!

That Johnnie Kallal, the All Star, fanned out by the Juniors.

That Jannsen's Hair is Flavoured with Peroxide.

That Roach has Frog Legs.

That Arnold and Recker are Mulattoes.

That McGinty belongs in a 1620 Joke Book.

That Birchmeyer Thinks quite a lot of Himself.

That Fox only hits on One Cylinder.

That when Puggie Kahle Sneezes he blows his hat off.

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A BUTCHER'S JOY.

(Vers libre)

Written by the Bloody Poet, Jerome Weinert.
I can guess
That wealth shall follow all this meatlessness
For all the meat we have not eat
Will bring us money now you bet.
My Dad's prepared
To make a fortune, he's declared.
Gee, I'm glad
He's my dad,
He's a butcher rare
And cuts off steaks both round and square.
But Isch ka bubble don't I know
That I ain't nuts
'Cause with a knife I serve the cuts.
To slice bologna
I am like cracked ice
I cut them thin and far between
But then
I show the hired man up
I know I'd take the silver cup
If I little bigger grew.
But then Dad says huh uh
Unless I cease to smoke and chew.
Our shop is very
Sanitary.
Three times a month we sweep it out.
And in a box
We put the bones.
The cats are there to lick them clean
They eat the feet and cast off spleen
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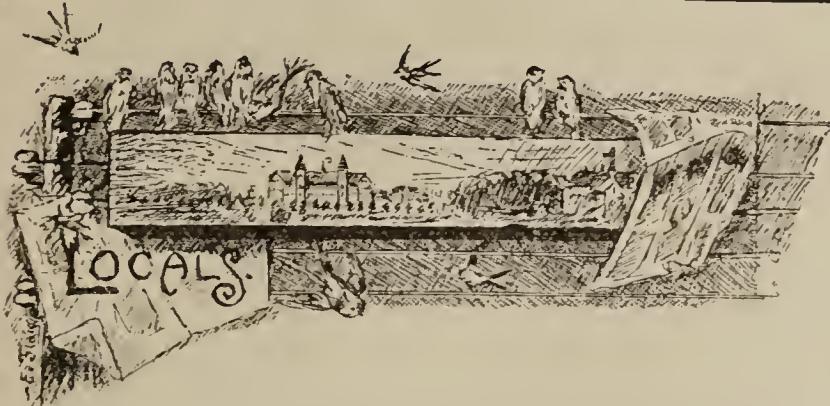
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Bomholdt—"Where do bugs go in winter?"
 Lochtefeld—"Search me."

Klem: "Hey, Mac, did you ever hear a brass orchestra?"

McGinty—"No, but I've seen a rubber band."

Lambert says, after he graduates, he's going to take a good rest.

Inventive Genius.

According to Honigford, an up-to-date brewery consists of a frog pond. The beer being made out of hops.

What has become of the old-fashioned boy who used to pay his Cheer dues?

A hen can sit still and earn a living, but we can't.

Harber—"Your head is like the liberty bell."

Hession—"Why?"

Harber—"It's cracked."

BRIEF POEM.

1. Cram!
Sham!
Exam!
2. Punk!
Flunk!
Trunk!
3. Graduation (?)
Vacation!
Elation!

THOUGHTS DURING A STORM.

Hear in Acroceraunian calls
 The cloud-throngs rumble and roar the theme
 Of Zeus' wrath and Odin's ire!
 And see Jove write with pen of fire
 The sentence dread of gods 'gainst men:
 It fearful clear and quick down black skies falls.
 So long a tortured glare on high
 Dare singe its aged brow,

Each Alpine mountain unto men
 Must echo, re-echo the threats from the sky!
 What Norse and Greek and Roman felt
 Were warnings dire from heaven's belt,
 —That used to make me smile
 As just a child I knocked at reason's door.
 When flashed the latter arrow-lights
 And grumbling crashed the clouds o'erhead,
 Time came metought those mythologic fights
 Were elsewhere never fought.
 Save man they this had taught:
 To fasten safe on power's dread above
 Who hold no rod when men they've cause to love!
 Taught man to fear from Zeus' hand—
 Taught man to hope from Zeus' heart.
 These pillars twain they raised of hope and fear,
 Upon which men their safest homes they rear.
 Whose strength, nor bolt nor flash
 Can ever rend with sky-born crash.

SUNSHINING.

Thro' transom and cranny
 'Neath door-sills and blinds
 The day-joy centrally steals.
 In equal ease, canny
 Its pleasure unwinds
 In wak'ning, joyous appeals!
 Oh, there is sun everywhere!
 His effort nor diminished,
 He prudently climbs
 Till throned in heaven's proud seat.
 Tho' aim yet unfinished
 He lingers, and times
 The world in his care complete.
 Oh, sunbeams fall everywhere!
 Regretfully stationed
 But brow never wry,
 His rays already request
 Him westwardly hastened.
 He blushes good-bye
 To be the Orient's guest.
 There must be joy everywhere!
 Of all recreation
 The nurse and the maid!
 Joy-elf to sick and to sad!
 What anticipation
 To bird, bloom and blade.
 Our trust and our praise is well had;
 For sun-joys beam everywhere!
 We trust thee and praise thee?
 Yea flatter and love!
 Consummate joy of man's sport,
 Thou rescuing safety
 Of lawn, wood and grove
 Of pond, camp and tennis-court!
 O spread joys wide everywhere!



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In the Course of Time

Kallal will be a better S. S.
Klem will be a Social Lion.
Koch will overshadow Caruso.
Kohne will become a Beauty Specialist.
Kahle will not be called Puggie.
Kirchner will be a proprietor of a hock shop.
Koenig will forget Scoop.
Kramps will invent a chemical that will prevent
the ears from getting red.

Murphy—(Reading Mythology) "Did Minerva
ever get married?"

McCormack—"No, she was the goddess of wis-
dom."

Literature Prof. "Mention a peculiar charac-
teristic about Bacon."

Harber: "Grease."

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